Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more,much more then in my verse can sit,
Your owne glasse showes you,when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still:Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure,and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew,which me thinkes still doth stand
Hath motion,and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which,heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one,of one,still such,and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day,to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing,leaues out difference.
Faire,kinde,and true,is all my argument,
Faire,kinde and true,varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three theams in one,which wondrous scope affords.
Faire,kinde,and true,haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now,neuer kept seate in one.

WHen in the Chronicle
I see discriptions of th
And beautie making beauti
In praise of Ladies dead,and
Then in the blazon of swee
Of hand,of foote,of lip,of e
I see their antique Pen wou
Euen such a beauty as you
So all their praises are but p
Of this our time,all you pre
And for they look'd but w
They had not still enough y
For we which now beho
Haue eyes to wonder,bu

NOt mine owne feares,
Of the wide world,dr
Can yet the lease of my tru
Supposde as forfeit to a co
The mortall Moone hath h
And the sad Augurs mock
Incertenties now crowne th
And peace proclaimes Oliu
Now with the drops of this
My loue lookes fresh,and
Since spight of him Ile liu
While he insults ore dull a
And thou in this shalt fi
When tyrants crests and

VVHat's in the brain
Which hath not f
What's new to speake,wha
That may expresse my loue
Nothing sweet boy,but ye

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